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Wednesday Evening, 28th Feb^y. 1839.

You doubtless imagine me at Paris by this time, but I am not yet ready to leave London. I am doing my best, and may get away in about 12 days. I went early this morning to the British Museum, where I worked as hard as possible until past four. Then without returning to my lodgings I found "Barnard's Inn", and enquired for Mr. Baker, who was not in, and his servant or housekeeper could not say when he would be. I did not choose to leave Caroline's letter, until I was sure of the man, and moreover I wished to make some observations for my own satisfaction so I promised to call an hour or two later. I went on to the City, Mr. Putnam and myself took our dinner together, and I then returned to Mr. Baker's rooms, and found he had been home, but could not wait, and had left word desiring me to leave the letter, when it proved not to be for him he would return it to me. This of course did not satisfy me; so I declined to give the letter into any hands but his own, and left my address, asking him to call for it here. If he does not I shall make another attempt to find him at home. I then called at S. Booths, stayed until half past eight, when I was obliged to go to one of Mr. Gray's scientific societies. This Mr. Gray is a great man, and I have contrived on former occasions to be otherwise engaged; but I have received for the last few days so many hints that he expected me that I could not well avoid it. His house was crowded, Mrs Gray is a very intelligent lady, and her daughters are said to be sensible and accomplished, but I saw little of them. There were several other ladies. The masculine part of the company were all of the smaller fry, except Bennetts. — I saw that there was no danger of being missed, so after a while I got into a corner and looked through Flaxman's sweet illustrations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, which afforded a rich treat. It can be purchased now at a low price, and I shall be tempted to send home a copy, for my own parlor table. Eliza I know will enjoy them greatly, and they will be of use to her if she still takes lessons in drawing, as I hope. I trust we may look them over together. It was near twelve o'clock when I got again to my lodgings.

Friday Evening, 22nd Feb. 1839

I ought hardly to use the date of Friday Evening, as it is close upon one o'clock of Saturday Morning. But I must not neglect my journal, and shall therefore give you a few hasty lines ere I prepare for rest. I passed yesterday-morning at the British Museum, that is until near three o'clock. I then hurried to my lodgings, snatched a hasty dinner by the way, and went to the House of Commons, Mr. Bentham, having, through Mr. Romily, the Speaker's clerk procured me an order of admittance within the body of the house, when I had the finest opportunity for hearing and seeing. There was nothing very important brought before the house, yet I saw many subjects near all the leading officers of the administration took the floor, Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Russell, who is evidently a man of most ready talents and tact, Lord Palmerston, Lord Mordaunt, the new member of the Cabinet, &c. I was exceedingly amused with the manner in which Lord John Russell wrosted a Col. Sibthorp, an opposition member, who moved certain resolutions relative to Lord Durham's expenses, couched in an offensive manner, and made a still more objectionable speech. Lord J. Russell, in a very placid manner set him out in such a ridiculous light that the Gallant Colonel first lost his temper completely, and then lost his spirit, being obliged to withdraw his own resolutions. I heard also for a moment Sir Robert Peel, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Huskisson, and others too tedious to enumerate. As to general decorum, or the manner in which members often treat each other in debate I do not think we have much to learn.

This morning I had a call from Mr. Baker, Solicitor, &c. who having satisfied me that he was the proper person I delivered Caroline's letters. He seems to be a black attorney of the proper sort, intelligent, and civil in manner. He took Caroline's address from me, asked me many questions, and promised to write her very soon. He gave me some explanation of his course toward his children, and the reason of sending them from Rome, which I have not time to repeat, neither is it worth the while at present. I spent the morning at the British Museum, - dined with Mr. Putnam at a shop-house, and went to spend the evening at Mrs. Duckets. I found, instead of having the evening alone as I expected and wished, he had invited several friends, most of whom I knew.

Still after tea the Microscopes were produced, and I had the opportunity of examining very many curious things. If they don't get into my head in the mean time I will try to mention some of them to Dr. J. when I go on with my letter to him. As eating is a very important matter here, we had a magnificent supper at half past 10, and it was near twelve when I left, with a walk of four miles before me.

Saturday Evening.

Dr. Torrey's kind but very short letter of the 17th of February is now before me, but not a word from you! only a promise that you will write by the next packet. May she have favourable success! says I. Both Dr. J. and yourself, I venture to say have more time to write than I can now command, and yet I give you sheet after sheet; such as it is. But I know you will write as often as you can, Pray don't be stopped by the expense of postage, which is a very small matter even here, and will be still less on the continent. I saw an announcement of Dr. Delafield's marriage in a New York Newspaper not long since, - wish him all happiness. This has been a busy and somewhat interesting day with me. I rose early, went down to Bentham's to breakfast, stayed until 11 o'clock, and then went up to Brown's house to spend the morning according to previous appointment. We talked profound botanical matters, and Brown not only amused and interested me, but gave me much valuable information. He talks of visiting America, possibly next summer, and I have promised to plan him a route. I left him about 4 o'clock, returned to my lodgings, dressed hastily, took a Kensington Omnibus, and reached Old Mr. Newrie's little place at 5. Mr. Ward, who was to meet us was not there, Mr. Bennett was the only guest, and we passed a very pleasant evening. We left at half-past ten, and walked all the way back, about four miles. So here I am safe again. Read over the Doctor's short letter again. I am trying to imagine how Herbert looks now. He has probably changed very much since I parted from him, I have a very especial love for that little fellow. I must find time to write to the girls, yet fear I shall scarcely be able until I have left London. Tell them I think of them daily even if I cannot write them. As to Maggie's March letter, it is not due until I get to France, but that will I trust be soon. Adieu. Good night.

Sunday 24th Feb. 1839.

I was fortunate this morning in being able to hear a man I had heard spoken of, and had formed a high opinion of; the Rev. Thomas Dale, Vicar of St. Brides, who also preaches in the evening at St. Sepulcher's. He preached from the first part of Luke 7:47, "Her sins which are many are forgiven; for she loved much." The discourse was truly evangelical and impressive. He is the best preacher I have heard in England next to Mr. Noel, and is more eloquent and striking in manner than he, but has not the gentle pathos and sweetness of Noel. He reminded me more of our good Dr. Skinner. In the afternoon I went in succession to two dissenting chapels, but both were closed, and as I knew not where to find another as it was getting late I was obliged to take refuge in a Parish Church, but I had better success than I expected, as I heard a pretty good sermon from Ephes. 1:1. I would like to go down to the city, where I might probably hear Mr. Dale again, but I am too much worn out to take such a long walk. A long sleep will restore me.

Tuesday Evening 26th Feb. 1839
12 o'clock

I rose on Monday morning before seven, left my room at a quarter to eight, walked to the far end of Piccadilly almost, and took an omnibus for Funcham Green (Lindley's residence) where I arrived to breakfast, as we had previously arranged. We spent the whole morning among dried plants, Mr. Valentine being just now in town, was with us at dinner, and afterwards I had two hours or so for the same kind of work. Stayed all night and all this morning to three o'clock. Lindley picked me out some fine specimens of plants. I thence came up to town, deposited my bundles, looked in at Ross, the Optician's for a few minutes, and met Mrs. Putnam at half past four. We had arranged beforehand that he should attempt to procure some orders for admittance to the House of Lords, and that we should go down together. I found he had been successful, having sent his clerk with notes to some half dozen Peers in order to make sure, and he thus obtained more orders than he wanted. For me I found he had addressed a note in my name to the Bishop of London, who very promptly sent me an order of admittance.

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We set out accordingly. The room which is occupied by the House of Lords temporarily, until the New Houses of Parliament are built, is inferior in size and accommodation to that of the Commons; indeed there is nothing about it at all remarkable. There was no business of very absorbing interest before the House this evening, and they adjourned as early as eight. Still I had the good fortune to hear nearly all those speak that I particularly cared for except Wellington (who is sick) and Earl Durham. I heard a long speech from Brougham and a very good one, except that he took occasion to trumpet his own good works. There was some fine sparring between an Irish Lord I do not remember, Lord Roden, Lord Westmeath &c. - and Lord Normanby the late Viceroy of Ireland, a young man apparently, and a man of talent, Melbourne, Althorp, the Lord Chancellor, Denham the Chief Justice, Sir James Scarlett, Old Lord Holland &c. also spoke. The word lengthy which was not long since called an Americanism seems to be pretty well naturalised, as Brougham used it several times, and Scarlett more than once. Lord Palmerston the other evening used the word disculpate instead of exculpate, which I fancy is rather modern English. I came up to Mr. Putnam's lodgings where we arranged some business affairs until past eleven.

Wednesday Evening 27th Feb. 1839.

I went this morning to the British Museum, where I worked as hard as I could until three, when I was obliged to break off. Brown was there and we had a good deal of conversation, so that I did not accomplish as much work as I had intended. I then had to go from my lodgings to Mile End Road, fully five miles, which I fortunately accomplished by an omnibus. I had accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. Scatchard, the brother of our printer, who seems to be a man of some consideration. He has been in the India Company's Service, is a strong Conservative politician, and has been the opposing candidate to Dr. Sushington for a seat in the House of Commons. His wife is very intelligent and interesting. The oldest son is a portrait painter of good promise; the daughters are homely and quite uninteresting; the younger children are very pretty and well behaved. The dinner was a very informal one, the only guests beside myself were two Episcopal Clergymen, and

a lawyer. One of the clergymen is an Oxford A. M., and a teacher in one of the larger schools, and intelligent man of very simple and amiable manners: - the other I am not sorry to have seen, as he is I suppose one of a great class here, and I suppose a very ^{fair} specimen; a man who as far as you can discern has no sense of religion whatever, I got away in season for an omnibus which took me back nearly the whole way, which was quite fortunate for me.

Feb. 28th.

Morning British Museum; dined in the city with Mr. Putnam, - Royal Society in the evening, where I met Prof. Davenport, who advised me to visit Oxford now in the spring, and not in early autumn, when there will be few persons there, - I can't do it however, - nothing at the Society of any interest. I merely stopped in on my way from the city. - Set up very late in the preparation of a sketch of a plan for R. Brown for travelling in the United States, which he seems inclined to do the ensuing summer.

Friday evening 12 o'clock, March 1.

I have just returned from a most pleasant evening and day as I may say, spent at Mr. Foster's at his beautiful residence on the border of Epping Forest, Essex (Woodland) about 10 miles from here. He is an old man, a banker, one of the oldest V. Presidents of the Linnean Society, one of the most kind-hearted men, exceedingly beloved. He lives in an elegant but very unostentatious way, in a most beautiful part of the country, the very perfection of English scenery. He is said to be extremely benevolent, and to do a world of good. It is some time since he invited Dr. & Mrs. Booth (who are most intimate friends of his) and myself to name a day to see him at his place, and dine with him; and we fixed upon this day. Brown, Bennett, Mr. Stokes, and a Mr. Sully & Lady were invited to meet us. On calling at Booth's early in the morning I found it arranged that I should go down in a carriage with Mr. Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Booth the mother, and one of the younger girls, leaving at half past twelve, so the whole day, has been occupied. We arrived at half past two, and had time for a fine walk about the grounds, into the edge of the forest, where we had some delightful views. It must be charming in summer, I promised to see the place again on my return

from the continent. Mrs. Foster is very like Mr. F.; they have no children. Dr. Booth soon after arrived, and a little later the rest of the party by stage-coach. We dined at half past six. After tea, we had music, and pleasant chat; the carriage came for us at half past ten: we left Mrs. Booth the elder, the girl, and Brown behind for the night, to come up in the morning, and took in Dr. Booth, Stokes, Bennett & myself, which with Mrs. B. filled the carriage, reached Dr. Booth's before twelve, and I walked down to Charing Cross.

I see it is certain that I shall not be able to leave here for Boulogne on Thursday next.

Saturday evening

Immediately after breakfast this morning I went down to Bentham's whom I had not seen for a week; spent two or three hours there, returned again to my lodgings, went to town the city, took an early dinner with Mr. Putnam, and we went together in an omnibus to Hackney; saw Loddiges extensive collections of fine plants again, lovely Orchideae - the Camellia of which he has a large house fitted with magnificent trees were not yet in bloom. We walked across the eastern part of the city down to the Tower, entered the gates and walked over the ground; it was too late to get entrance to the Armoury or any of the interesting places, as the lights was beginning to fail. I went back to Mr. Ward's of Nellore Square, according to promise to name some plants for him; but Mr. Valentine, a most ingenious vegetable anatomist & microscopist being in town (I had previously met him at Lindley's) Mr. Ward had forgone his own advantage and invited Valentine & Duckett to meet me with their microscopes, so that the evening was very instructive to me, which I had not anticipated. Mr. Ward seems to have taken a fancy to me, for I can hardly imagine him to take so much pains to oblige every one, absorbed as he is also in Medical practice. He presented me with a beautiful botanical digger of fine polished steel, with a leather sheath &c. which I suspect he has had made or prepared for me; tho' I don't know why he should have thought of it. Mrs. Ward was enquiring about the Abbott's and their works, one of which she had, which makes her wish for more. I am often asked about Mr. Abbott, whose works seem much more generally known here than those of any other American religious author. I must find some for Mrs. Ward.

Sunday Evening, March 3?

I went this morning to hear, perhaps for the last time, Baptist
Noel. The sermon was from the last three verses of the same
Psalm from which he has preached on the former occasions
when I have heard him in his own Church (Psalm 103);
and truly a good sermon it was. I have told you that the Chapel
is a large one. Yet it is so well filled that I have always had
some difficulty in getting a seat, and to-day I actually stood
near the pulpit during the whole service and sermon. But
it is worth while submitting to some inconvenience. In the after-
noon I walked up to Tottenham Court Road, and looked up the
Chapel built by Whitfield, the scene of his useful labors in
London. If you read, as I think you did, Philip's Life
of Whitfield, you must take some interest in this place.
I found the Chapel, a large, but outlandish building, with
an inscription over the one of the entrances stating that
the building was erected by Rev. Whitfield. Within is
a tablet to the memory of Mrs. Whitfield, who is buried here,
and a monumental inscription to Whitfield himself (which
I regret I did not copy) mentioning the date of his death at New-
buryport, near Boston. The preacher this afternoon
(for I believe there is more than one who officiates here)
was the Rev. Mr. Wright, who gave with good an impressive
practical sermon from the concluding clause of the last verse of
Rom: 8. - "The love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."
It was I think rather above his audience, which I am
going to say was exceedingly small indeed. I hope it is generally
better filled, but I should not have expected so great a falling off in
the attendance of plain un-fashionable people in the afternoon.
These Whitfieldians are one would think far then separated from
the Established Church than the Wesleyans (which was
certainly not the case in Whitfield's time, who refused to
take any steps to establish a sect apart from the Church of
England); for in the Wesleyan Chapel (at least the
Liturgy was read; but here we had none of it.
Only last summer I read a biography of Whitfield with much
attention; and ~~the same~~ ^{the same} it was very interesting to worship
in this Chapel of his. It recalls more interesting associations
than Westminster Abbey or any vast and splendid Cathedral.
But I must bid you good night, purposing to rise early
and have an hour or so before the pressing business of
the day is commenced to write another sheet to you, and our good Dr. J.
to whom I have so much to say if I could ever find time for it. A. Dick.